

GOLD

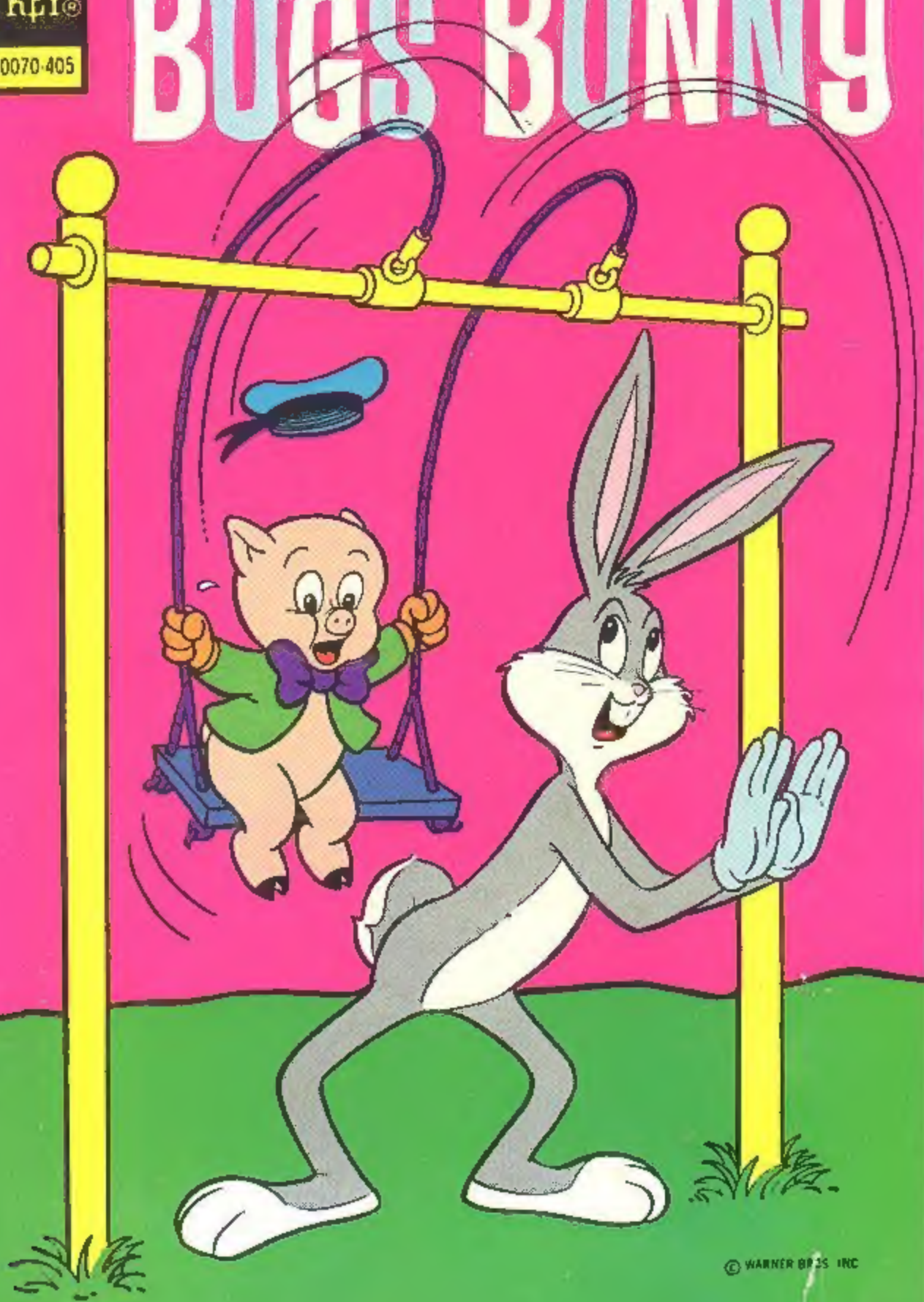


90070-405

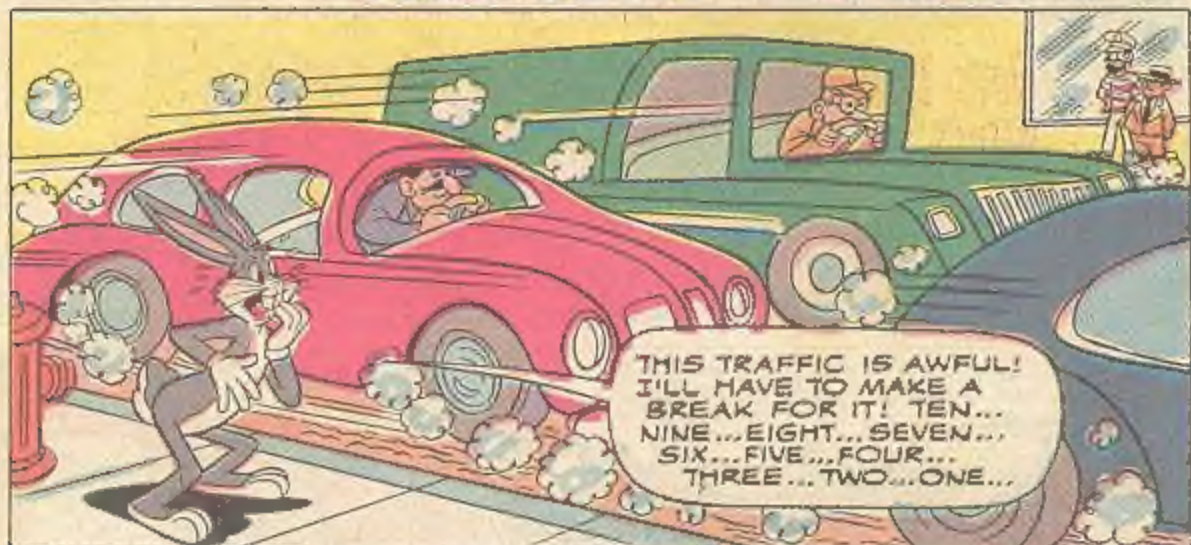
BUGS BUNNY

20c

BUGS BUNNY



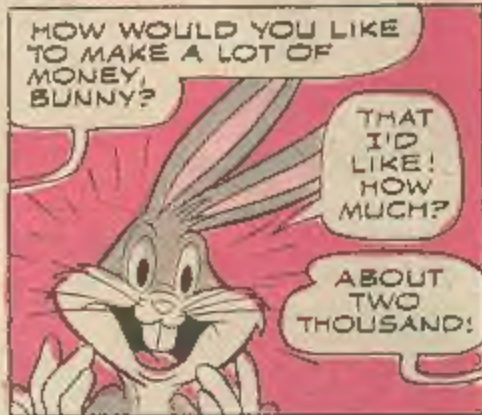
BUGS BUNNY THE LEAPING LEEMAS



BUGS BUNNY, No. 156, May, 1974. Published monthly except February, April, June, October, and December by Western Publishing Company, Inc., North Road, Poughkeepsie, New York 12602. All rights reserved throughout the world. Authorized edition. Printed in U.S.A. Copyright © 1974, by Warner Bros. Inc.

GOLD KEY & DESIGN is a registered trademark of Western Publishing Company, Inc. in the U.S.A. and Canada.

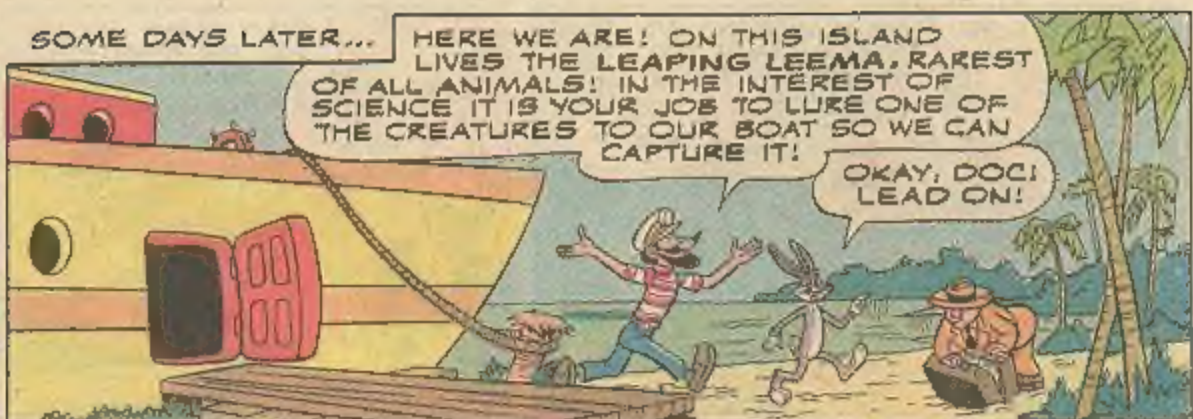
This Periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is sold subject to the conditions that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition, nor affixed to nor as part of any advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.



SOME DAYS LATER...

HERE WE ARE! ON THIS ISLAND LIVES THE LEAPING LEEMA, RAREST OF ALL ANIMALS! IN THE INTEREST OF SCIENCE IT IS YOUR JOB TO LURE ONE OF THE CREATURES TO OUR BOAT SO WE CAN CAPTURE IT!

OKAY, DOC! LEAD ON!



FIRST, WE MUST APPLY YOUR DISGUISE!

THE LEAPING LEEMA IS VERY SHY OF STRANGERS, YOU KNOW!



THERE! NOW YOU ARE THE VERY IMAGE OF THE RARE BEAST!

COME! JUMP ABOUT A BIT AND LET'S HAVE A LOOK!



NO! NO! HIGHER! HIGHER! THE LEAPING LEEMA WILL ONLY FOLLOW THE LEADER WHO JUMPS THE HIGHEST!

SORRY, DOC, BUT THIS IS IT!

BUT YOU WERE JUMPING MUCH HIGHER THAN THAT WHEN WE FIRST DISCOVERED YOU!



SO I WAS SCARED! IF YOU'D BEEN CROSSING THAT STREET YOU'D HAVE BEEN SCARED, TOO!

SCARED, EH?

HMM!

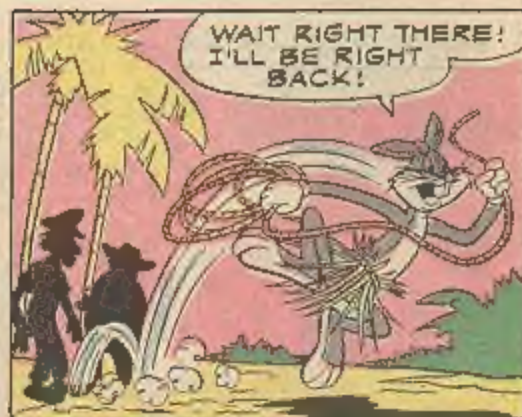


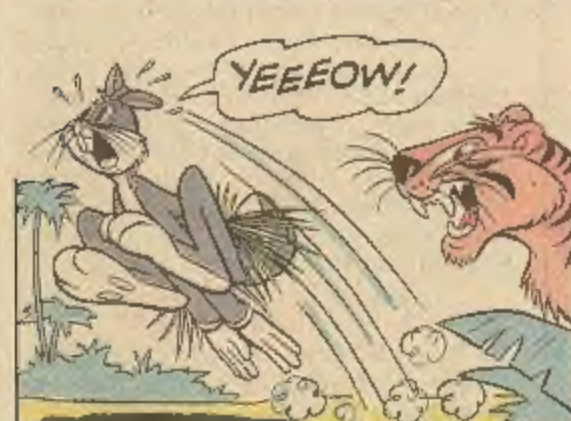
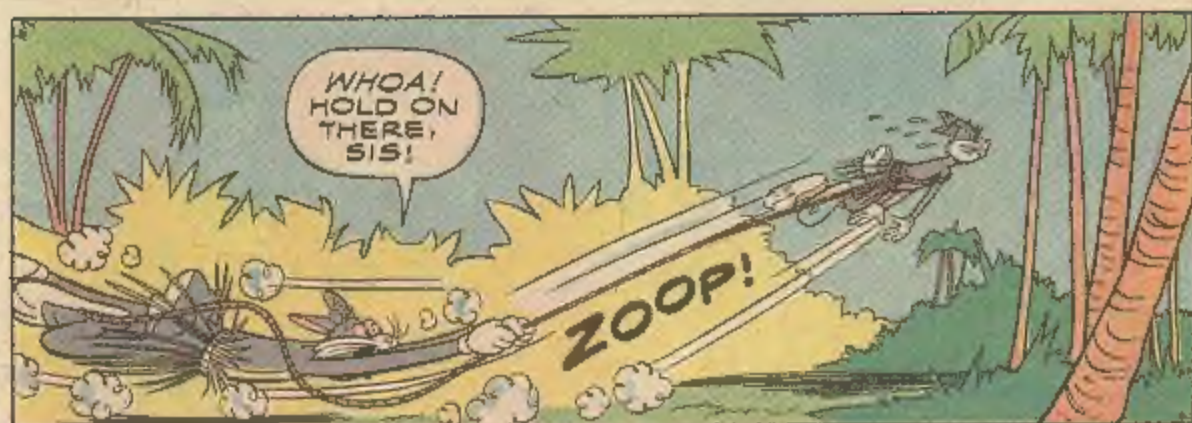
BLAAA!

GRRR!

WHAT'S UP, DOC? THE CLIMATE GETTING YOU DOWN?



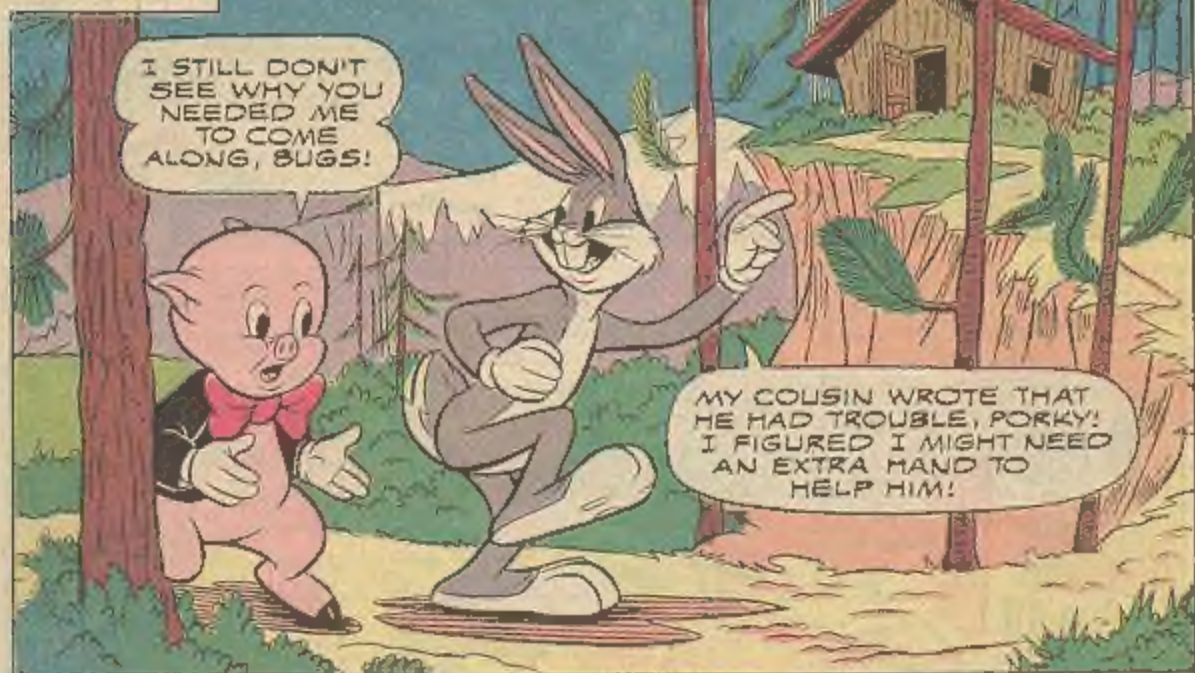






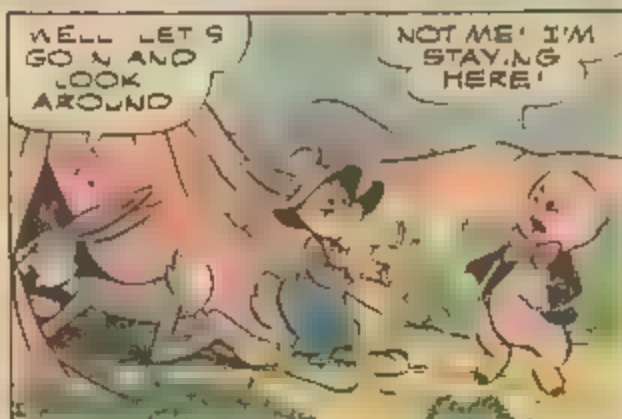
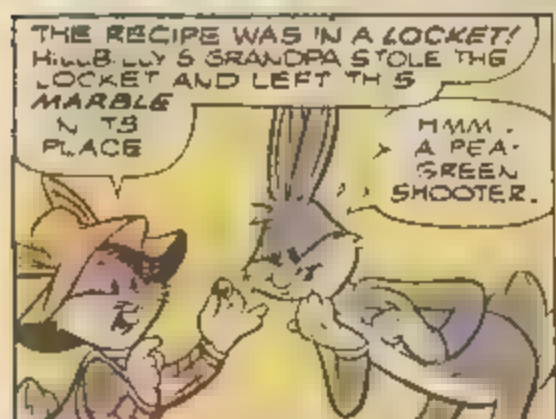
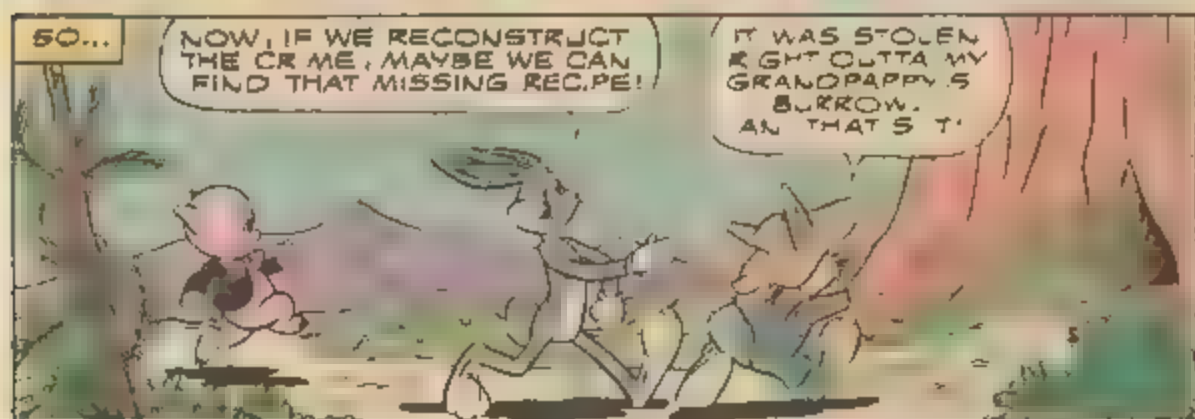
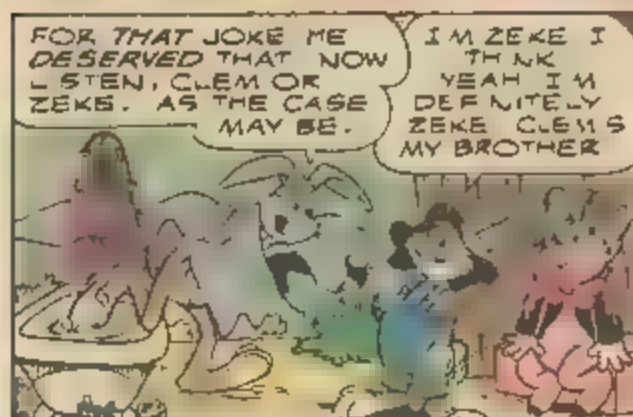
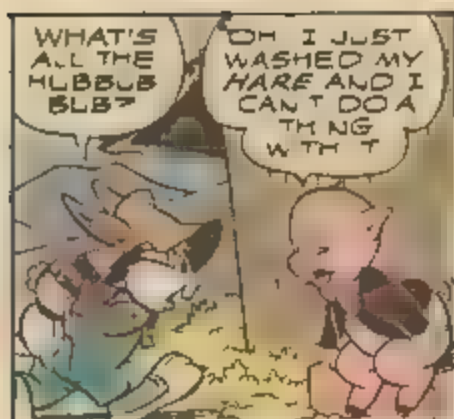
Bugs Bunny

FEUD for THOUGHT









WE HAVEN'T CHANGED
A THING SINCE OL'
GRANDPAPPY LEFT US!

I CAN SEE THAT.
WHAT A MESS!

THERE ARE
SIX BERRIES
ON THE
DRESSER
HERE.

WHAT? LAST
TIME I LOOKED
THERE WERE SIX
GOLD COINS.
THERE. GRAND
PAPPY'S BEEN
ROBBED
AGAIN!

WHERE'S MY MUD?
THE FEUD'S
ON AGAIN!

I THINK I
KNOW WHO
ROBBED
M M BOTH
TIMES. I
WASN'T
H L B LLY'S
GRANDPA.

IN THE
MEAN-
TIME...

WHAT CHANCE DOES
BUGS HAVE
OF FINDING A
S LLY OLD LOCKET?

HALT! IDENTIFY
YOURSELF. BE YOU
A BUNNY OR BE
YOU AN O'HARE?

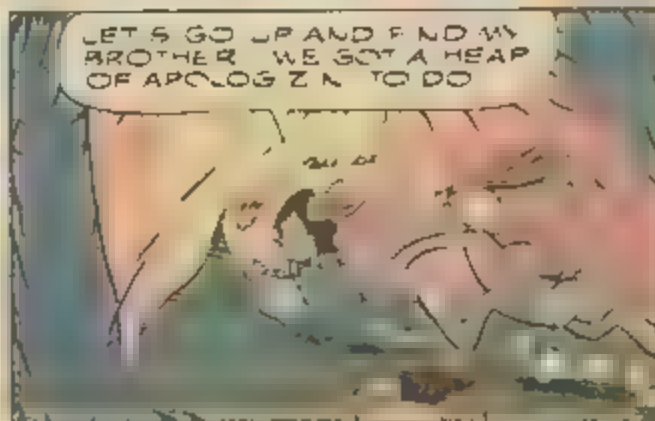
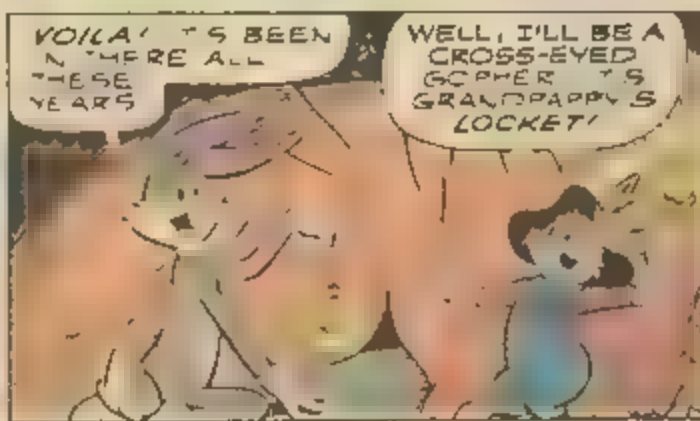
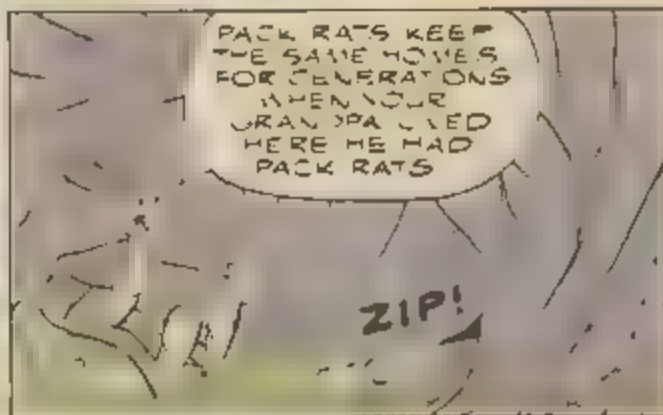
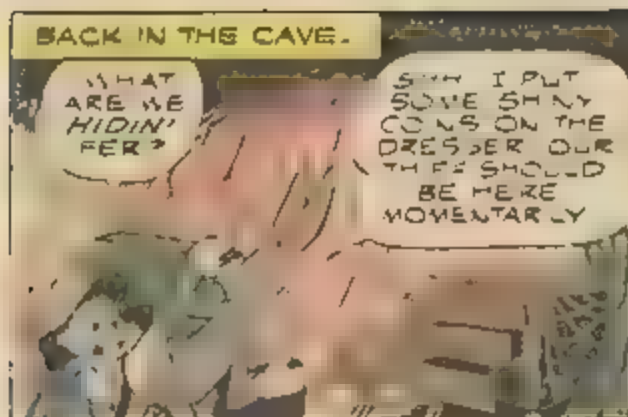
I BE NEITHER!
I BE . I
MEAN I'M
POCKY P G

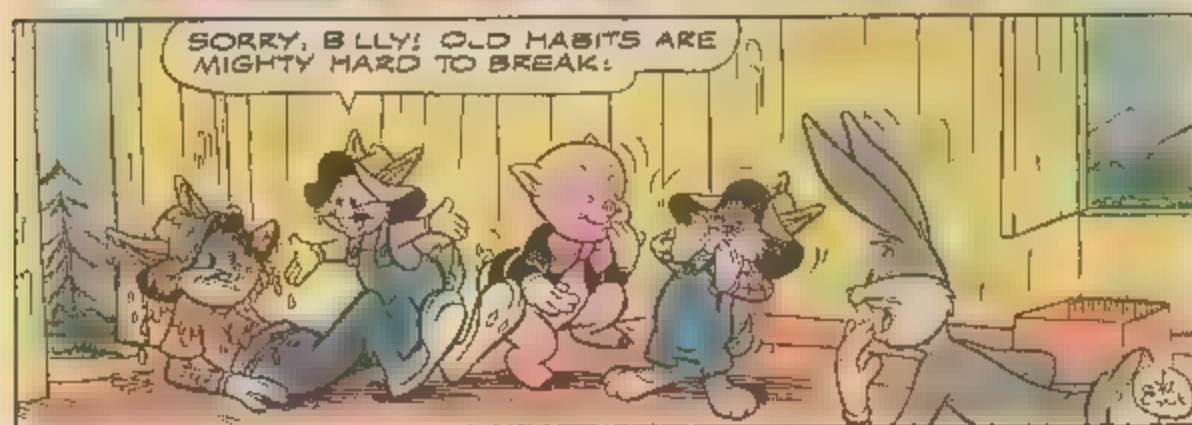
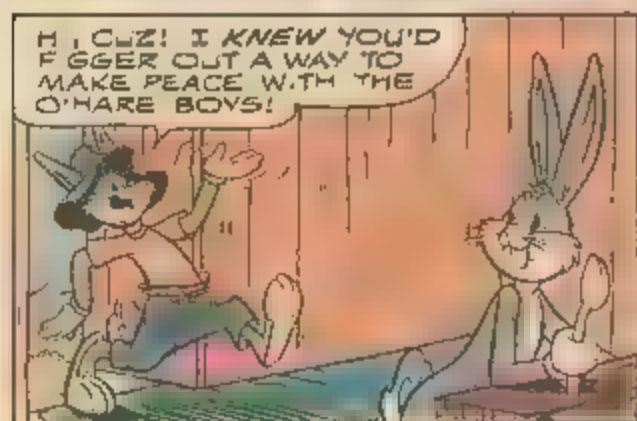
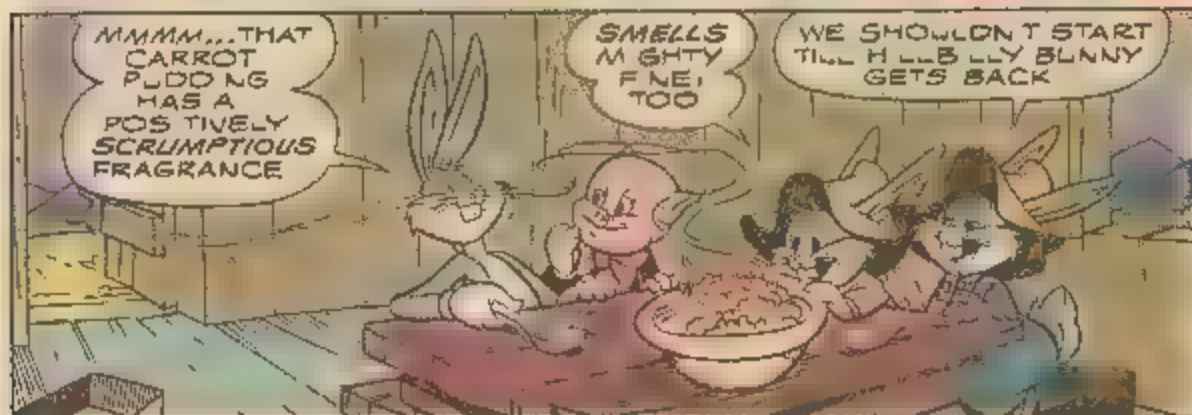
SORRY TO GIVE YA
A START! CAN'T
BE TOO CAREFUL
WTH SNEAKY
BUNNIES ABOUT!

I KNOW! I'VE
BEEN A
FRIEND OF
BUGS BUNNY
FOR YEARS

ANY FRIEND OF
A BUNNY'S NO
FRIEND OF MINE.

ME
AND MY
BIGGGG
MOUTH







"Eek!" screeched Petunia, as she looked up from her book, to find a giant spider dangling in front of her. "Go away!" and she batted at the spider with her book and leaped from her chair.

Shrieks of laughter greeted her actions. "Cicero!" she exclaimed. "You were behind the chair, with that spider on a string!"

"Yup," giggled Cicero. "But it's not a real spider. It's make-believe. See?" and he dangled it in front of Petunia again.

"Take it away!" she screamed. "Really or not, I don't like it."

"Aw, it can't hurt you," Cicero said. "But it sure made you jump," he laughed.

Petunia shuddered and settled back to her reading, vowing never to let Cicero get the best of her that way again.

"All boys like to play tricks," she thought, "and Cicero's been playing an awful lot of them lately. If I don't jump every time, he'll get tired of it."

But later, when Petunia found a frog in her bathtub, her vow was forgotten.

"Cicero!" she shouted. "Come get that nasty old frog out of the bathtub!"

"I scared you again!" Cicero crowed, as he retrieved his frog. "But this is only a fake one, too, Petunia. It can't hurt you."

"I don't know what I'm going to do," Petunia sighed to Porky later. "I know Cicero gets a lot of fun out of teasing me, but it's beginning to get to me. I never know if it's the real thing or not, and I don't want to take any chances."

"Oh, Cicero would never do anything to really hurt you," Porky assured her. "But I'll talk to him about it."

Later Porky said, "You're making Petunia very nervous with all of your tricks, Cicero."

Maybe you'd better quit that stuff for a while, huh? Girls get pretty upset over things like that."

"Yeah, I know," grinned Cicero. "It's been a lot of fun, but I won't do it any more... not for a while, anyway."

So, to Petunia's great relief, the next days were peaceful. There were no frogs or spiders or other insects appearing suddenly in front of her.

And then one day, they all went to the park for a picnic. Under a tree, Petunia spread a bright cloth over the picnic table and set out the food. Everyone gathered to eat, and Petunia was about to take a bite of food, when she looked down near her plate. There was a big fat worm!

"Cicero, you promised not to do this sort of thing again!" she said annoyed. "And this time you're not getting your toy back!" and Petunia picked up the worm and tossed it into the deep grass near by.

"Toy?" questioned Cicero. "What toy?"

"That worm you put on the table," said Petunia. "And it's NOT funny!"

"But it IS funny," said Cicero, "'cause I didn't put any worm there, it must have been a real one!"

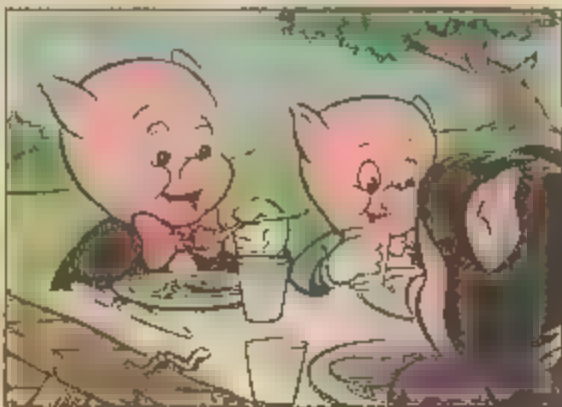
Oh, no! gasped Petunia. "I picked up a real worm! Heavens! I couldn't have!"

"But you did," grinned Cicero. "And it wasn't so bad, was it?"

"No, no," said Petunia uncertainly. "No, it wasn't so bad, in fact," she added, "I think I could do it again, if I had to."

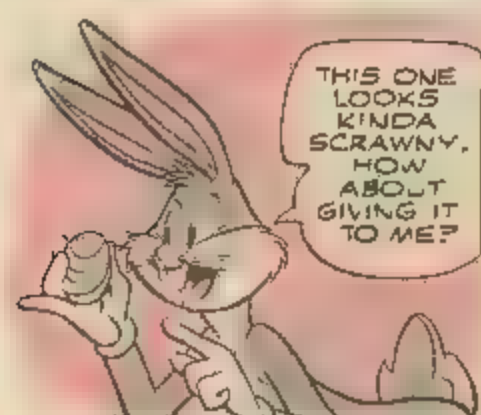
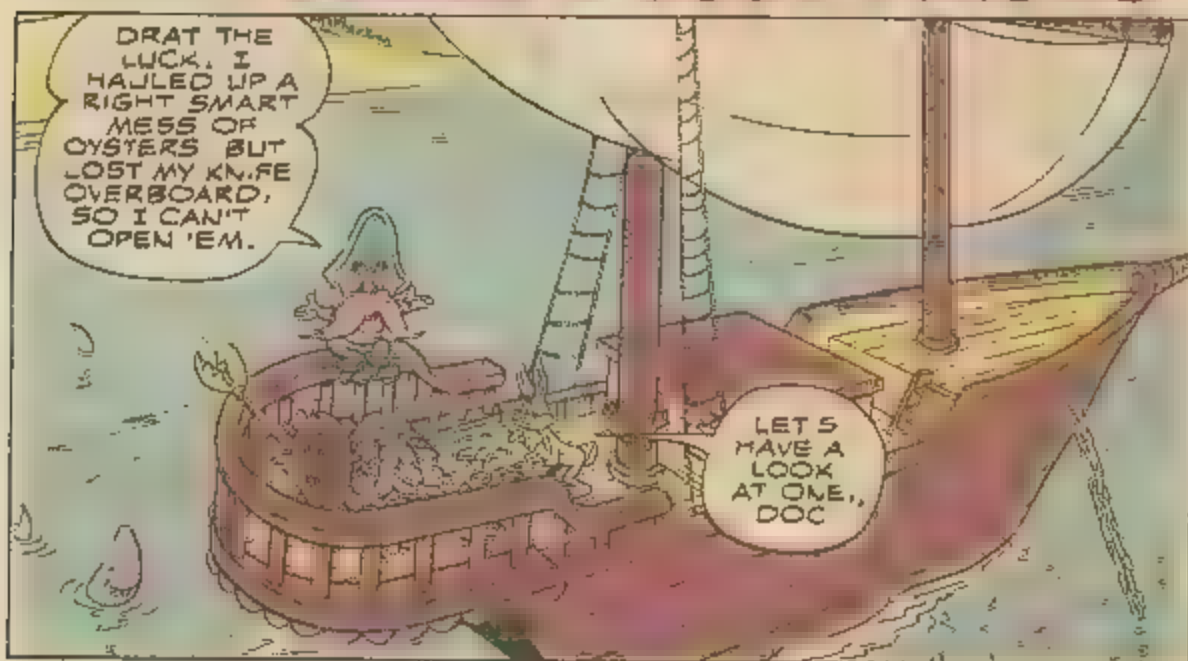
"Good for you!" applauded Porky. "Now maybe you won't be so jumpy about things."

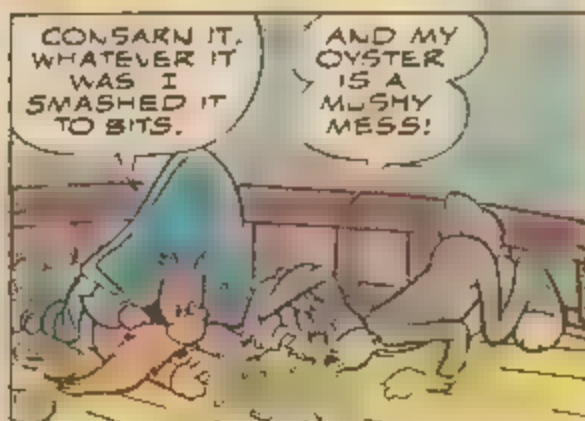
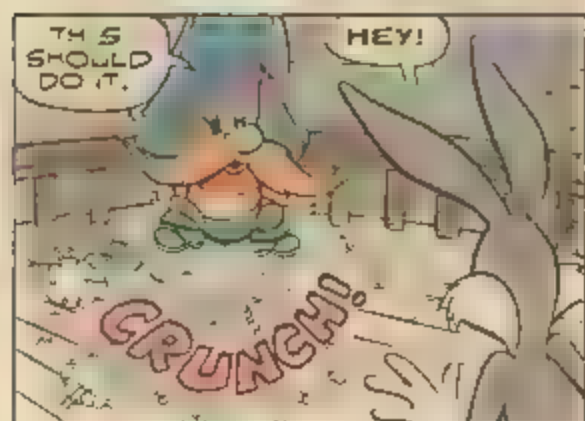
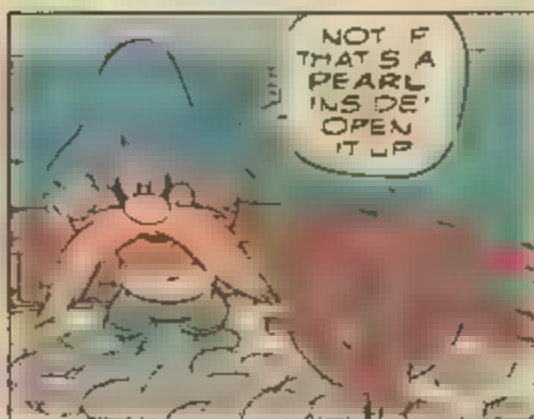
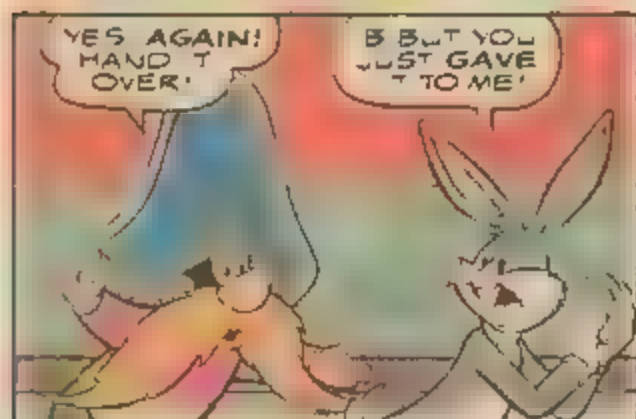
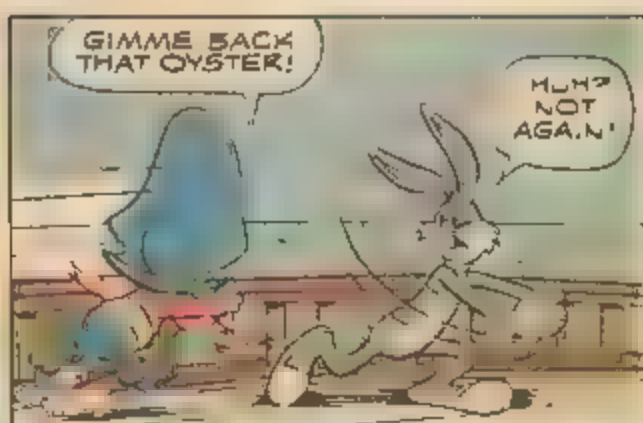
"I KNOW I won't be," replied Petunia confidently. Then, laughing, she added, "You might even say 'the worm has turned'."

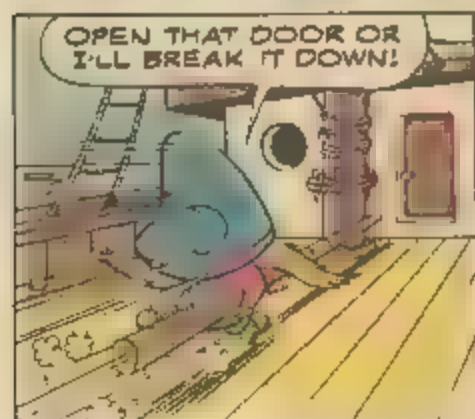
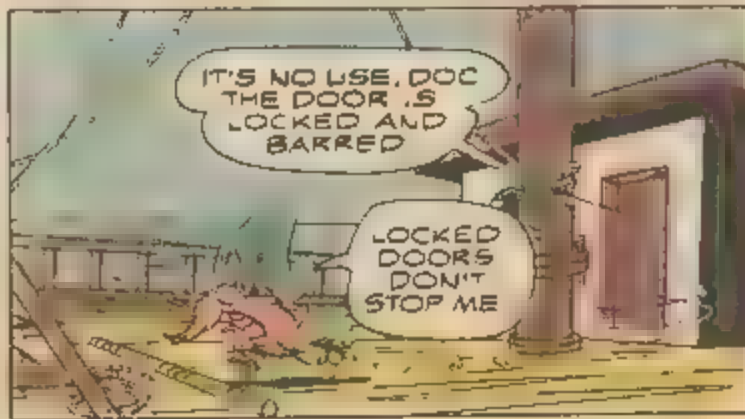
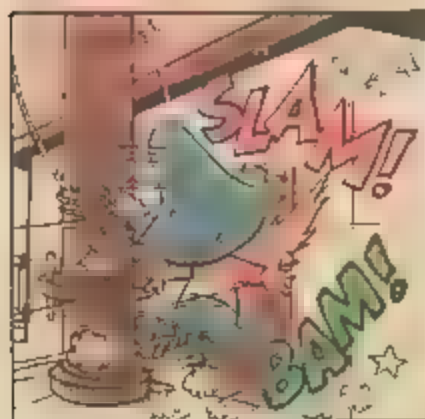
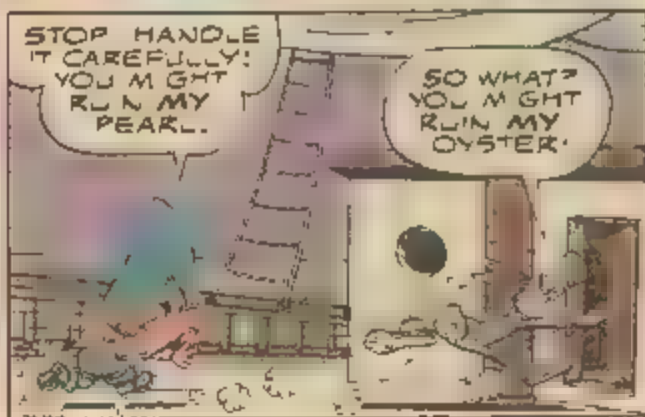
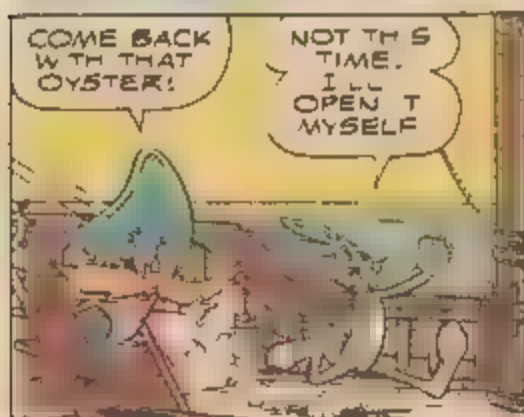
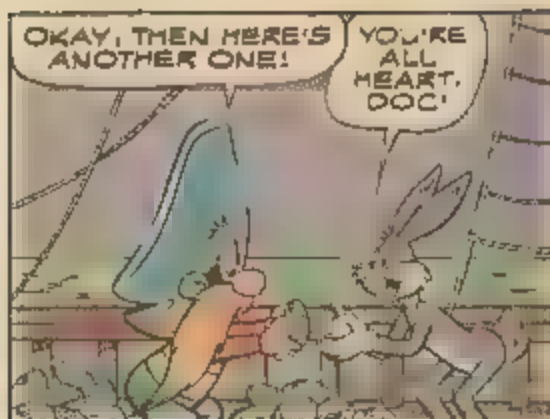


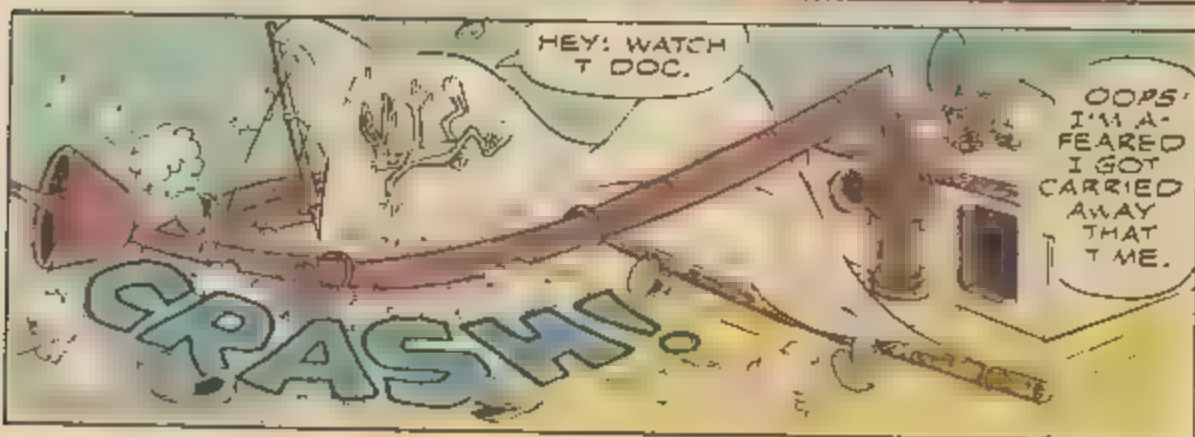
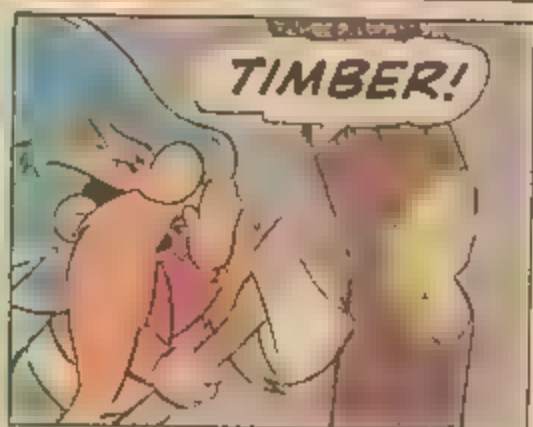
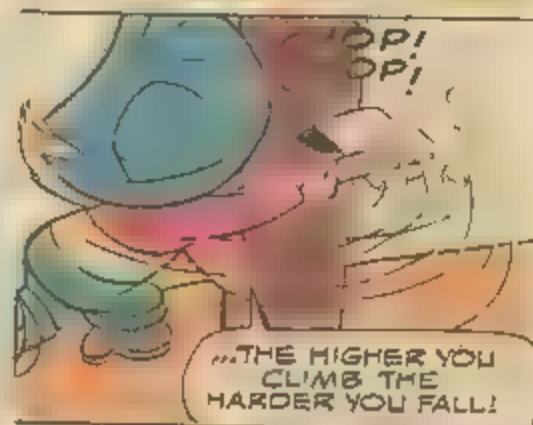
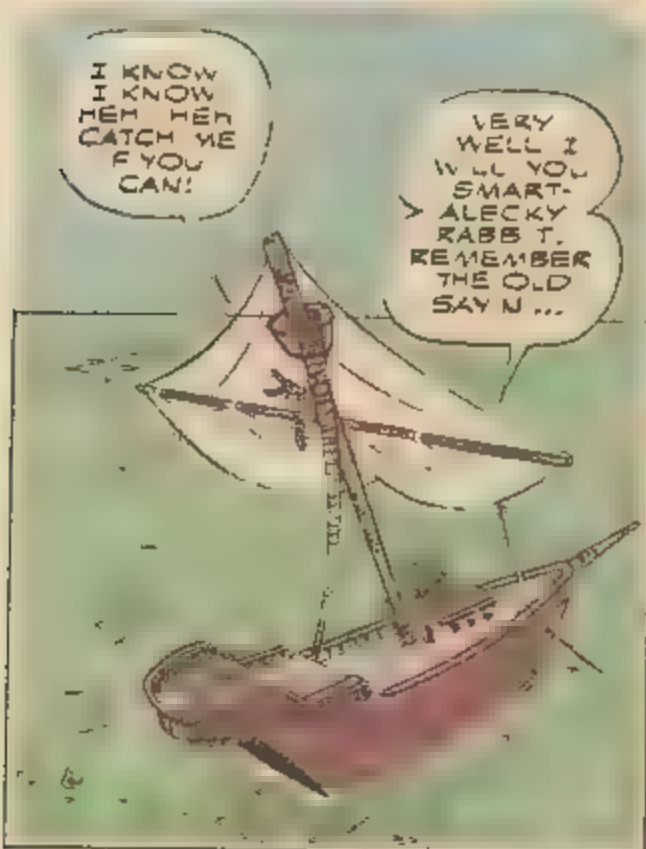
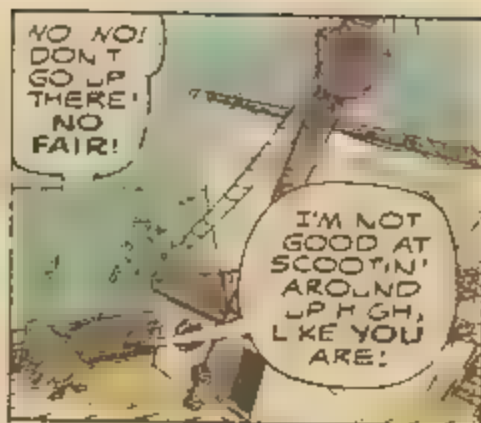
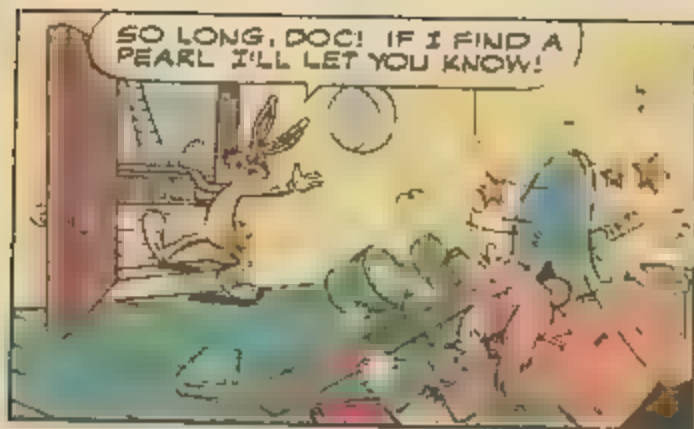
Bugs Bunny

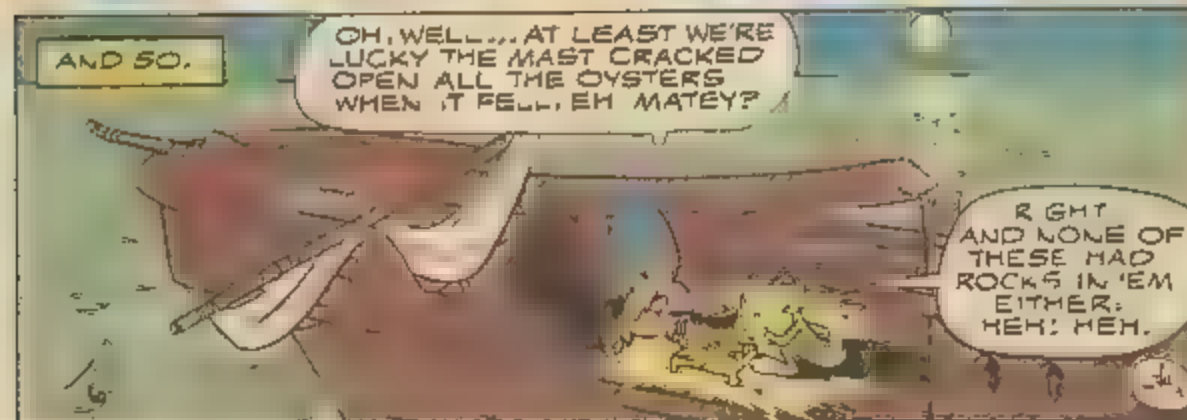
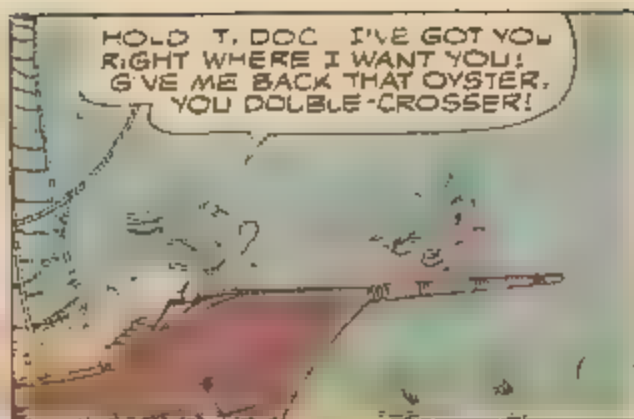
AN OYSTER IS A PEARL'S BEST FRIEND



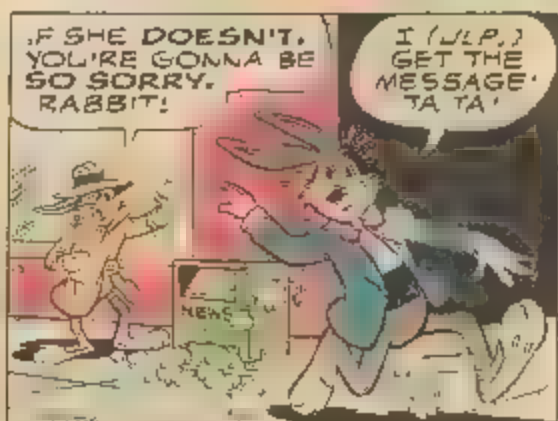
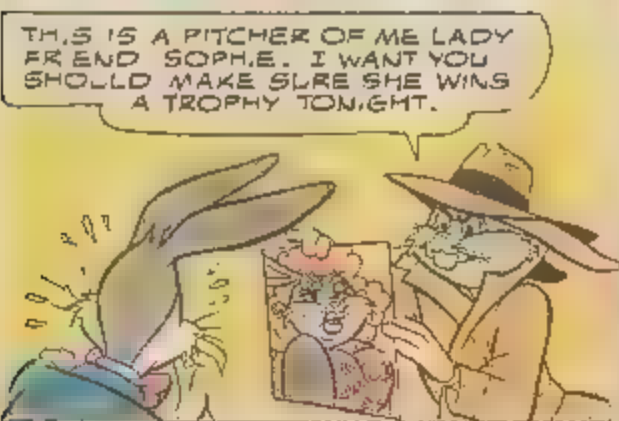
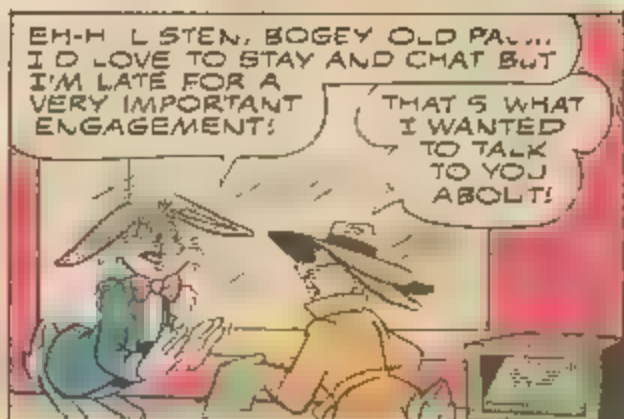
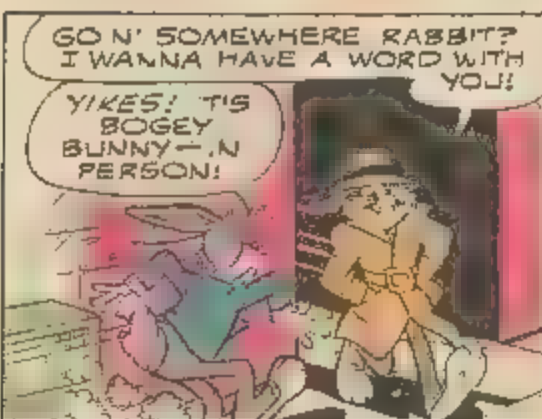
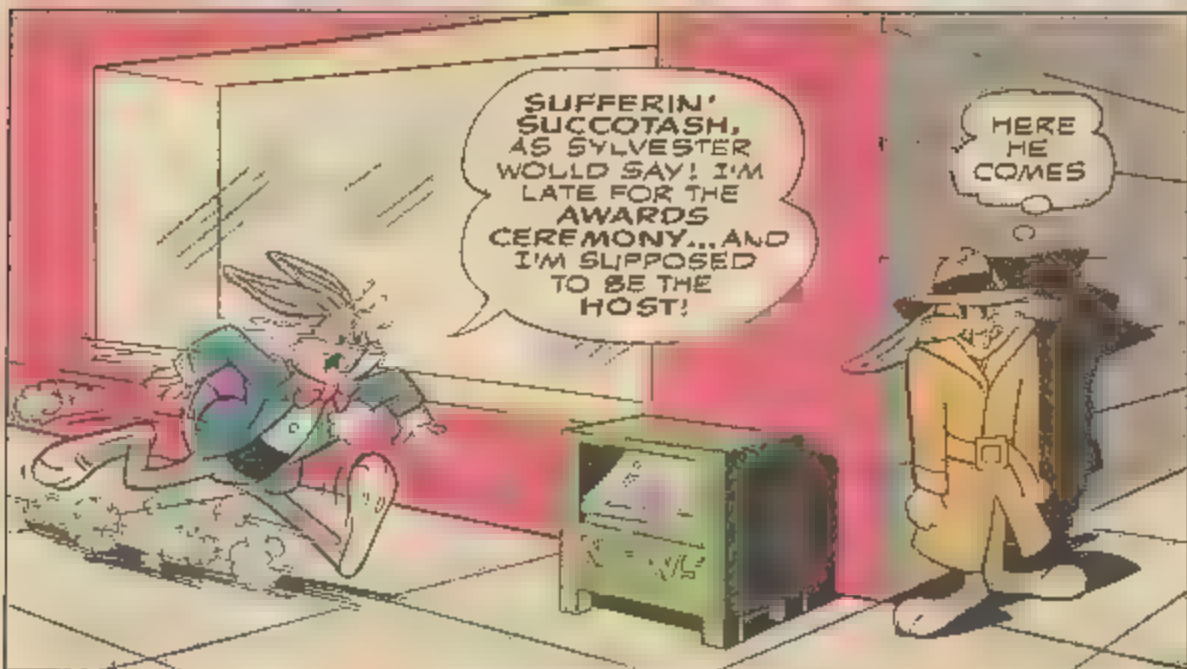


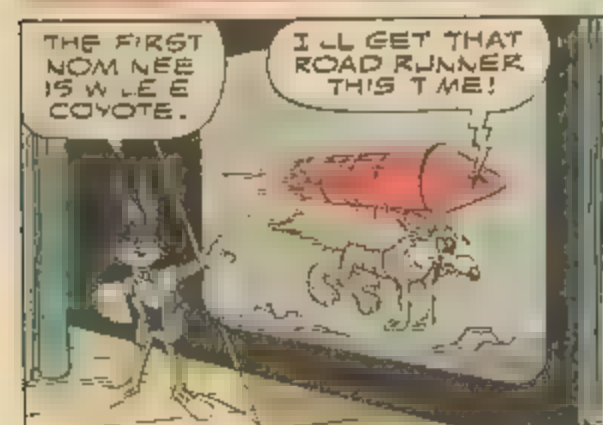
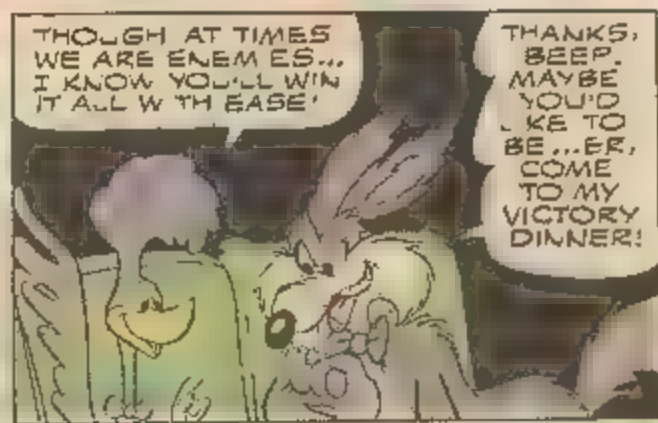
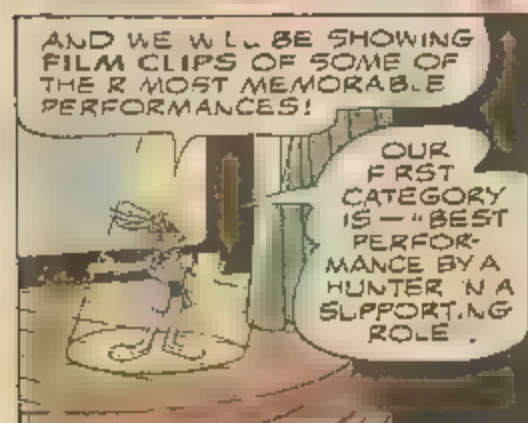
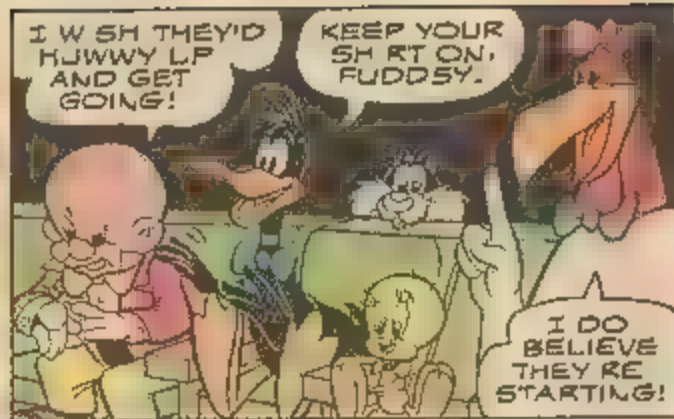


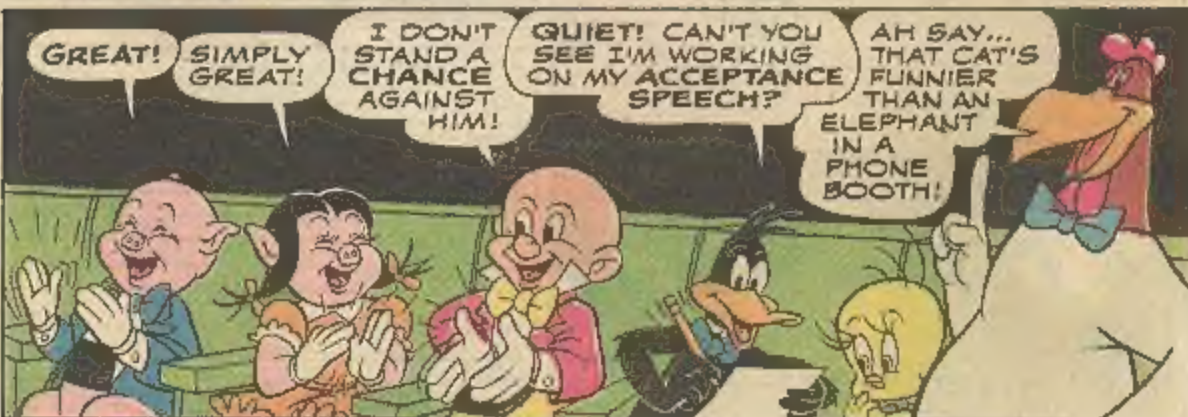
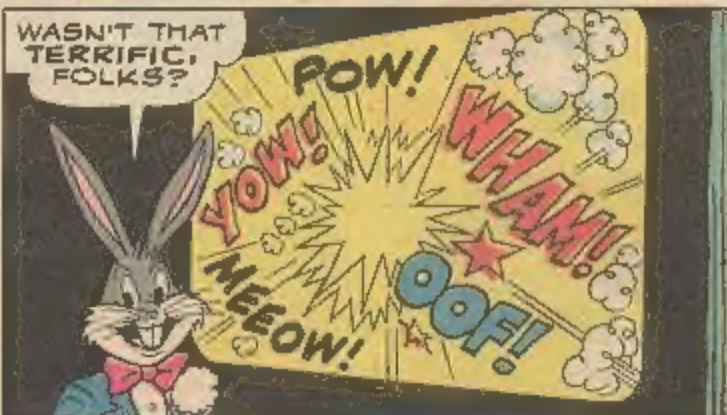
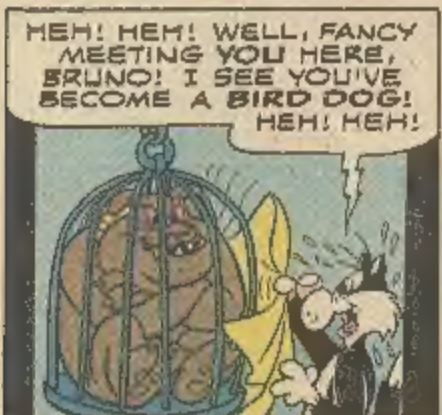
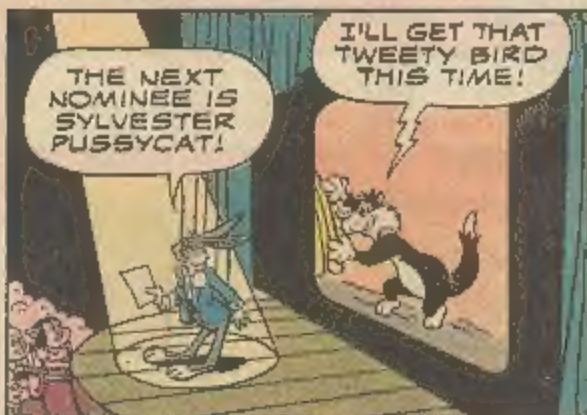
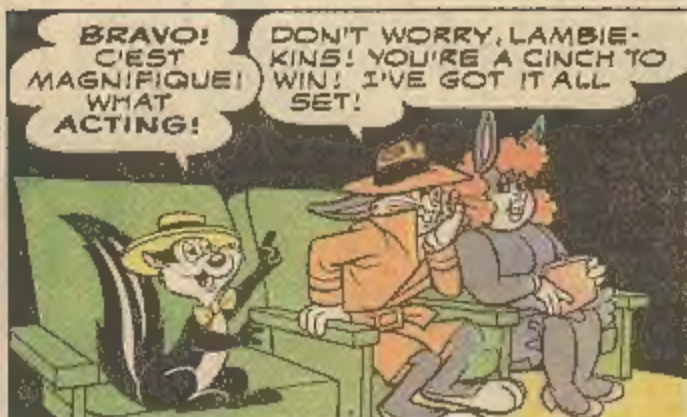
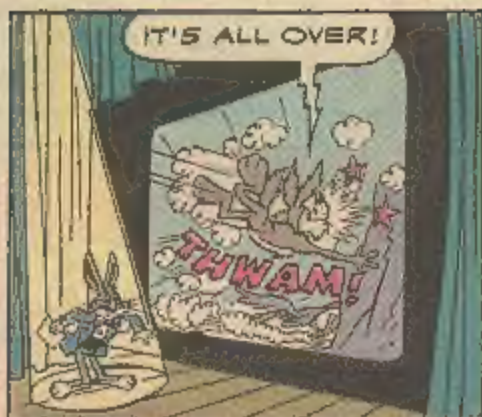


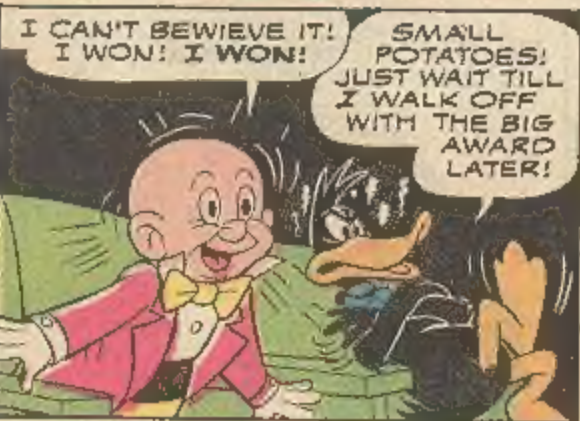
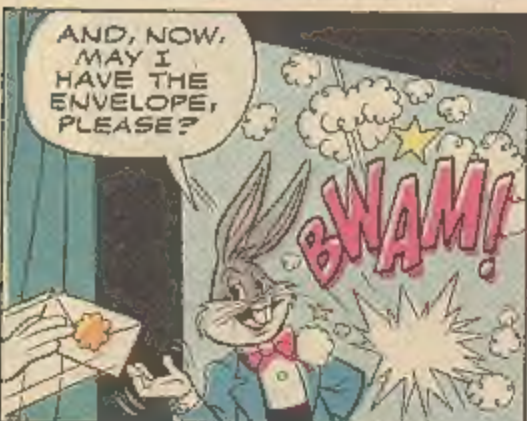
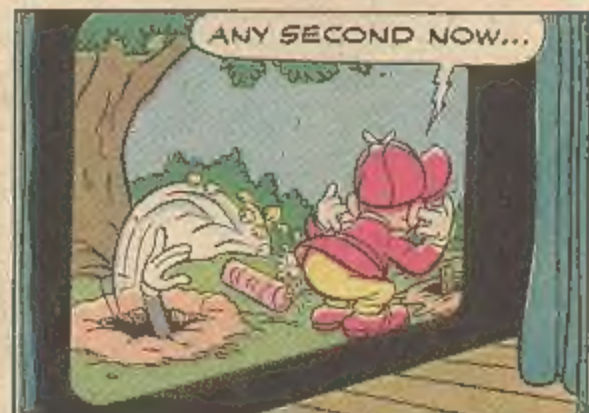


A TROPHY FOR SOPHIE









I WANT TO THANK MY MOTHER
AND MY FATHER AND MY
GWANDMOTHER AND MY
GWANDFATHER AND MY
UNCLE DON AND MY
AUNT HAWWIET...



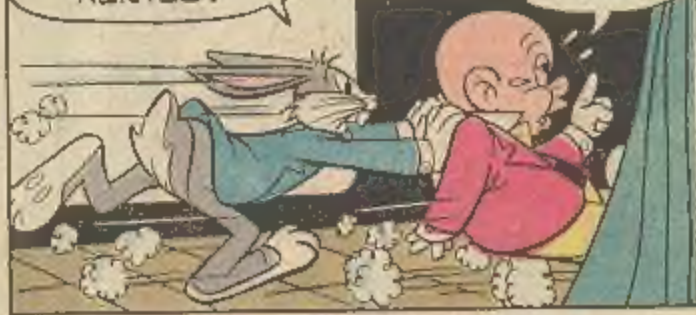
...AND MY
COUSIN
WALPH AND
MY GWEAT-
GWAND-
MOTHER
AND MY
GWEAT-
GWAND-
FATHER
AND MY
SECOND-
GWADE
TEACHER,
MISS
MAGWUDER...



...AND MY SCOUT WEADER,
MR. WOTBWATT, AND MY
BUTCHER, MR. SWANCATEWWI,
AND MY...



ENOUGH! ENOUGH!
AND STOP CRYING!
THAT TUXEDO'S
RENTED!



...OWTHODONTIST,
DR. SEWTZER, AND
MY SHOW WEPAIR-
MAN...

THE EVENING PROGRESSES... UNTIL FINALLY...

WE COME NOW TO OUR LAST CATEGORY — THE
PERFORMER OF THE YEAR! THIS IS THE MOST
IMPORTANT AWARD OF THE NIGHT!



DON'T WORRY,
SUGAR CRISP!
YER A CINCH
TO WIN!

I'D BETTER! 'CAUSE
IF I DON'T, YOU CAN
GET YERSELF ANOTHER
GOIL FRIEND, BOGEY!



THIS IS IT...MY MOMENT OF
GLORY! LET'S SEE HOW MY
SPEECH SOUNDS...



"I WANT
TO THANK
ALL THE
LITTLE
PEOPLE! I
WON'T
MENTION ANY
NAMES...
YOU KNOW
WHO YOU
ARE!"

